

Halo: HuntDown

by Drevlik

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi, Tragedy

Language: English

Characters: Emile-A239/Noble Four, Jun-A266/Noble Three, Kelly-087, Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-27 23:26:18

Updated: 2015-04-23 21:43:44

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:27:06

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 6,634

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Master Chief has gone AWOL. Or thats what the ONI department thinks. John-B-711-4 has been dispatched to find the Chief and has been ordered to find him. Bring him back to ONI for his act of Treason: Alive, or dead if he imposes any resistance. *UPDATE 7.20.2015*: This story is on haitus, sorry guys and gals...

1. Pilot Intro

"John B-711-4 step forward." I stepped forward, carrying my MA5B in my left palm. The tech assistant reached for the weapon. Handing it to him was one of my pet peeves. It felt like my mobility for defense had vanished as I loosened my grip on the rifle. Stepping into the circular base.

UNSC graded mechanics began their work. Swiftly moving around me as it tested my old, used MJOLNIR Mk-5 armor. The shield on he suit was at its peak, then burst. As the suit's shield meter couldn't stablize it any longer.

"We are still working on the kinks, Spartan. We have ordered a new suit that could help stabilize the armor's power. It's very hard to get since they only made them for the new batch of Spartans." Then techincian told me. As his assitant gave back my rifle. Taking the relief of capabality of defense at heart. It was my weapon against the New Covenant . Since the Old Covenant collapsed. Since when the 'original' Human-Covenant War ended, peace felt well like peaceful.

Then the Shanghelli fleet found the MIA Spartan Master Chief John-S-117. Where he helped takedown the revied Forerunner Diadact. Peace seemed worthy again. The recovered MIA Spartan then just disappeared. Where his whereabouts are mainly unknown.

"John-711! An ONI spook wants to speak to you." A marine spoke.

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><p>"Have a seat Spartan." Then the woman looked at me keenly. Watching as if I would make any move, she was nervous, as I still clenched on to the MA5B rifle in my hand. "Or not? Anyway I came to ask if you knew you the Master Chief was?" She paused. I knew who he was since I was cloned off him fully. Not flash cloned though.<p>

"Yes, sir!" I noted only his armor, and his previous declaration of medals he had earned.

"Spartan, I have called you today because the great Master Chief that all UNSC respects for his service. Has disappeared." She stopped to see I shifted about his return in service of being MIA, again. But it wasn't MIA, it was AWOL. The most respected Spartan-II, one of the survivors of Reach. Had finally broke and gone AWOL.

"His disappearance started when his ONI medical doctors were found dead in room he was serviced to. "Your mission is a priority-RED. Find The Master Chief bring him back alive, or if he shows resistance... Death."

Alright soo... This is beginning for this "Halo: 5 What if" I have been researching on the new Halo: 5 and heard the Master Chief goes AWOL and tries to revive the AI Cortana that usually with most fan-to-hater groups to the Halo series. BUT lets not let this fan-made fan fiction get the heat. Since this is a "What if" story, since alot of us gamers don't know what will happen. I do appreciate if there are no flamer responses to this to new story. Much appreciated! I do of course will try to keep the story as lengthy as it can. So, peace and God Speed!

2. Return

The only man in the past history with Spartan-S-117 is Lasky. He is the one of the living information that had not died in the Human-Covenant War. He was aboard the Infinity that rescued the Master Chief on the Shield World Requiem.

As I was told Lasky was in his mid-twenties and had a clean buzz, when he saw me he was shocked.

"Um, Spartan? Is there anything I can do for you?" it seemed he was just finishing orders for the preparations for his other orders from FLEETCOM.

"Sir. You've been ordered by ONI to command this vessel for my objective." I must have been nervous, as well as Lasky, since we were both staring at me cradling the MA5B rifle in my hands. "They should have sent you the a red priority sir."

"They did. I'm a bit surprised that the Master Chief would go that far all that way, even after his AI's fatality." He was fully attentive of my actions. His face had darkened as we spoke.

"Excuse me, AI fatality?"

"Oh sorry not my say on that. Prepare for launch, Spartan."

"Launch? Where?"

"The priority they sent me have the ONI have a reason to believe that the Master Chief has gone back to Reach, dismissed." Lasky saluted and walked away.

"Reach? Yes, sir!" From the implanted memory placed by the remains of ONI Department Section 3 data, Courtesy of Cortana. Reach's atmosphere was being replenished from the scars of the Covenant Plasma. Life was beginning to resurface slowly. The water atmosphere was nearly gone, but was beginning to cool.

"Spartans, all Spartans please report to launch bay for further instructions. Lasky out." And the ship's internal COM went off.

* * *

><p>There were 3 other Spartans who were going with me down to Reach for back up. To my understanding they weren't really Spartans, just ODSs put into Spartan-IV MJOLNIR armor.<p>

"Why do we have to go with him. Since he's a clone of the legendary Master Chief doesn't mean he needs protection." One of the IVs complained, name Mick.

Lasky looked at him sternly, very rare for him to. "He's a Spartan as well. More actually a Spartan V since all Vs are just clones of the original Spartan IIs."

"So now he's special?"

"What you say Spartan!?" Lasky was now pissed off. Turning to me he looked more calm. "Not to be offensive, John."

"Not at all sir." _Man that was deeply offensive to me man. I'm technically a Spartan-II, under ONI classifications._

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><p>"Spartans this is planet was original training grounds for Spartan-IIs and we might find the Chief here. There were a few Spartan-IIIs to help support the defense of this ex-UNSC planet, as well as its Spartan-IIs, even though they knew their fates were imminent." Lasky paused, "IF you see Chief down there use negotiation first, over." Then the COM went slack.<p>

* * *

><p>"Alright boys! Get into the drop pods." Mick's voiced over the COM's internal line in our helmets. "Move Spartans, we got a job to do!"<p>

In the my pod, waves of the atmosphere of Reach heated the outside surface.

"Agghh!" COM sparked to life. On the left side view of my pod, another drop pod exploded. It came from a Super MAC round orbital gun. _Which was odd how can there still be one existant on Reach's_

orbit?

Arghh!" another scream another drop pod's explosion. Shards from the pod passed my front view of pod.

* * *

><p>I was the first hit Reach's glassy surface. Overhead came Mick's pod, who landed several meters from me. Hard. My HUD had a lock on his signal. Mick. Still alive.<p>

On the COM was the UNSC Infinity who spoke through anyone who was a survivor of the Super MAC round's blast radius.

"This is Lasky. We have a reading on your soft landing. The MAC gun is being controlled by a rampant AI so be careful out there. I'm sending a pelican to drop a hog. Infinity, out."

* * *

><p>"Damn, I'm never going through that again." Mick said outloud. "It's us just right?"<p>

"Yeah." Then my HUD went nuts on my NAV, as red dots appeared on my HUD. There was about thirty of them.

"Is it Covenant?"

"I don't know?"

"Well we should head to sword base, or what is left it." Mick replied and headed north.

"Yeah." And I followed, gripping to my Designated Marksman Rifle. I could have sworn I saw a glimpse of a grin through his navy tinted visor.

In the mist of hot radiation of Reach. Remains of Covenant infantry, about two dozen Unggoy/Grunt and a dozen of Sanghelli/Elites.

"Well, the party looks anxious to begin. Mick take out most of their main infantry!"

"Negative, we have to continue to the ruins of Sword base. There's more cover there, sir."

"I confirmed a NAV point where looks decent enough for cover, Mick. Move out!"

"Affirmative."

* * *

><p>Our run was quick. Most of the landscape we past was still glassed. Most of the planet hadn't recovered yet. Overhead were Sanghelli Phantoms and they were coming in faster then we expected.<p>

"Where's Infinity's Pelican?" Mick's COM burst into my head.

"I don't know. They must have backed out when they saw the destruction of most of our squad!"

"Dam-" A blast of purple radiation splashed the ground near us with deafening blast, knocking out our COMs for a split second. Where was that rampant AI when we mostly needed it.

"A super MAC round would be good about now!" Mick pointed to the sky, with his DMR. "But either way I'm ready." And he returned fire as plasma splashed on his shields. The irony of the horror wiping out most of humanity, Mick felt happy because if it didn't happen to humanity, he wouldn't have much fun killing off the Covenant with pleasure.

Each round pierced into the nitrogen breathing tanks from the Grunts, and cause a combustion of explosion, as blue explosion popped a few meters from us, like little fireworks from an ancient country's anniversary.

Leaving us with 2 Grunts and the enraged Elites now coming at full force with their energy daggers. Classic. Only do be caught off guard when I tossed a MK-II frag grenade. Knocking most of their shields in haywire. As Mick finished it with another toss of a grenade where most of the Sanghelli caught off-guard were killed in the explosion.

"I didn't know there could be this much Covenant loyalist left."

"Yeah."

"What the hell?" Mick pointed to the sky and what we saw were 2 Covenant classed Corvettes. Someone was looking for the Chief too. Until one of them bursted.

A voice crackled into our COMs. "This is DOT actual. Spartanzz. I'm happy were not ALONE."

The Corvette that was left still in a intercept course after us.

"We need to get in deep in the ruin of Sword base, now!" And I took off to the ex-ONI HQ as Mick kept up behind me.

* * *

><p>When it seemed good enough shelter a saw a sign of lessen hope. A Covenant remebant crusier broke through slipspace and was over Reach. And for all of that; a voice from the memory that was implanted into me, I seemed to recognize, but not know who spoke into our COMs.<p>

"It looks like you really pissed them off."

3. Old Survivors

**IM SORRY THAT THIS TOOK SO LONG. TO MUCH THOUGHTS AND IDEAS POPPED IM MY HEAD AT THE TIME I WAS TRYING TO FINISH THIS, AS WELL AS SOMETHINGS HAPPENED. So to continue this ongoing story I hope you will continue to enjoy these new posted chapters. As Halo: HuntDown

comes to reconnect old favorite characters mixed with OC ones.

**

"Shit what that?" Mick whispered. "Night vision is on and i can't see anything."

"Silent. Possibly a friendly." Lifting a hand sign to Mick to wait and follow. Shifting my DMR in my chest and pointed toward the shadows. Knowing my instincts were telling that a spook was either in front of me or was going to hit me from behind. Who ever it was or what it was it got Mick first.

"Argh!" and his COM went dead. Behind me was a clatter as a DMR was clattering on the ground from when it the ground. But no deep echo of the heavy-graded armor thudding on the ground. He was murdered by someone with great skill and patience. Or it could be keeping Mick hostage in some way to knock him out of his conscious; but the Covenant don't collect hostages. Everyone knew that. Unless it was a Spartan. The Chief.

There was a tap on my shoulder. A hand from someone, human. Our fists clashed. It was a Spartan covered in deteriorated fabric. Able to knee him in the gut. I bellowed, "Spartan, why must you resist! What happened to the other one?!" But the Spartan remained silent. He was strongly gripping a BR55. His helmet's visor was cracking.

His voice was deep, Latino-accent, "I'm the last living member of the NOBLE-TEAM Squadron who partake in fighting for Reach. I take it we won, yes?" And he left it like that.

* * *

><p>A voice crackled into my head. A feminine voice spoke through my head, throwing off all my senses. "Spartan-D-025-Mick. Has gained consciousness. Noble-3?"<p>

Mick's voice called in through the COM. "Fuck! What the hell happened?" He fell out of an opening behind the Spartan-III, Noble-3. His form of person was so savage, and not noble; but he was a true scavenger.

Mick kept his distance from the Latino Spartan.

"Noble-3, it seems that _UNSC Infinity_ wants to send a Evac pelican down, should I?"

"Dot, allow." Noble-3 spoke firmly.

Captain Lasky spoke into my COM , "Spartans, we need you to bail. It seems a faction of the Covenant have made Reach a battlefield again."

I looked at my DMR counter, it was nearly empty.

"Sir, where the hell did they come from?"

"John. I'm sending a pelican, and when your back up at the _Infinity_ I'll explain everything. Understo-"

"Captain! Damn were being jammed!"

Noble-3 faced me, "Did Earth fall? What happened to the Master Chief?"

That was right he was stranded on Reach and classified as MIA, for Reach's final one man army. "Earth won; but the Chief has gone AWOL. Most of the Covenant was destroyed. Except for this one last surviving faction. Anyways we have now a new common enemy all Humans hold. The reawaken Forerunners."

"The Forerunners? Older then the Covenant. Alien race, found underneath Reach?"

"Yeah."

DOT spoke through the COMs, "Spartans, Pelican inbound."

Noble-3 turned and faced a dark tunnel, "John, stay here, I'm going to get someone who has survived greater falls then I have."

Nodding, Noble-3 ran down the tunnel.

* * *

><p>Mick looked at me, still mumbling. Probably about being overpowered by a Spartan Commando Noble-3.<p>

"I'm gonna kill him."

"Shut up Mick. He took single-hand and taking trash ain't going to do no shit."

"Yeah, I know."

"Then zip it!" My voice sound harsh; but it didn't matter anyways he'd get over it. "Though it's kinda funny how you got a can of whoop ass from an injured Spartan."

* * *

><p>Noble-3 came back with another Spartan trailing him. The Spartan's chest was a MK-4 Grenader-Class. His armor was in post-disintegration phase.<p>

Mick spoke still with anger in his tone. "So who are you anyways?"

The bulk Spartan faced him, "The name is Noble-4"

The story is getting intense and I know it is. So I'm hoping to get these chapters posted. There already written on paper so all I need to do publish online. Just so little time, with so much intense story plot-line.

4. Run! RUN NOW!

**I'm sorry for taking too long. Yeah I lied about taking each chapter to be published faster, it's only that all the chapters had to be scrapped. Which being said, the chapters are going to take

longer to be published soo please, please patient. Your Shipmaster Zevlik.**

"So how did you survive that attack?" I asked him.

"I didn't. I still have internal bleeding, only to be slowed by biofoam." He paused. "Even If I got surgery done I'll be more of a robot than human."

Noble-3 stared at the opening of the ruins of Sword Base. His sniper rifle still pointing at the sky. "Damn, bastards they trying to take out our meal ticket." He muttered. "Emile were going to have some fierce movement coming."

"Right; but first let me get something, a memento of a friend."

"You're not seriously bringing him along as well. He will slow us down."

"He's part of our team, Jun"

"Fine."

Mick nodded to me and whispered, "Who are they talking about?"

"The Original Lone Wolf." I paused. Our Pelican was being targeted by Banshees that came out of nowhere.

Our enemy was coming at us hard, until one of his kin was destroyed by a red blaze in the sky. As it blew up into plasma particles. That shot came none other than the Lone Wolf. He said nothing. Emile who is side carried a modified minigun. "Well Six, that Spartan laser is out of condition now."

When he spoke his voice deep and heavy. "Yeah. Now we can finally return give the Admiral the thanks." The Spartan Laser dropped to the ground. As it hit the Pelican's pilot COM spoke.

"Spartans, In order for me to come down I need air support now. Tomahawk out."

Noble-6 looked at me. Right there and then he established a separate private COM with me. "If you're thinking of getting in my way, I'll kill you before you know what hit you."

Mick called me, "John help over here!" Where Mick stood as pointed with his rifle. A squadron of Banshees followed the Pelican. Two of them were over the Pelican dropping plasma bombs and two others were followed underneath it, close enough to jump on them. Emile voice spoke. "Zeta-Team what you waiting around for we got our own rides already." Above us were the survivors of Noble-Team with their own stolen banshees.

"Here's our two banshees coming right up."

"Ready." Mick confirmed.

We both hit the Banshee's quickly ripping out the Zealot Elite. As the two aliens succumbed to their deaths below. As we gave total

retaliation to the remaining enemy Covenant Squadron. Each of them put up a fight as though each of them exploded into green plasma particles.

We all touched our new rides to ground to meet our rescuer on this hellish planet. As the Pelican's EVAC door opened to our surprise was that our rescuers were female Spartan-II and an ODST.

Before any of could say anything she made a gesture for us to come aboard. "Come quick for _UNSC Infinity_ has declared Cole Protocol."

"Cole Protocol? The Covenant already know where we are, even the Flood." Mick spoke.

"Not everyone." I mutter as I walked to the Cockpit and seeing it with my own eyes. A Forerunner Vessel. And it was the same size as the _UNSC Infinity_.

Emile was right behind me when we were in port view of the Forerunner vessel, when he whispered, "Now what?"

* * *

><p>The Spartan-II sat in the corner still silent even after the small skirmish on Planet Reach. Then the pilot told us that he was no longer in control of the pelican. A high energy scanner scanned the pelican as we deemed closer and closer to Forerunner ship. Sentinels escorted our transport and because of this it seemed that whoever was in control of vessel wanted to see us and badly.<p>

I discussed on what our strategy if negotiations failed which probably will happen since they did attack first.

"Well whoever is jumping off this craft first, I got your back." It was the Spartan-II that spoke for the first time since Reach.

"Yeah, and who are you?" Emile taunted.

"Kelly. You?"

"Emile." He snorted. "Thanks anyways we got enough Spartans on this mission."

"Alright, then."

Jun stepped in, "No. No. No. It's alright. I need someone to cover my back if things go not according to plan." Emile looked at him felt betrayed by his own teammate.

"Fine." Is all she said. The ODST pilot came out holding a MA5B rifle and holding a ODST pilot classed helmet. "If things go to hell. Bring some over so I can join in the fun." There was a shift in the aircraft as it touched town in the belly of the beast. Flipping the switch; the EVAC door opened and I fell out first. With Mick on left and Noble-Six on right. And Emile was also at my 9', with cover of the two snipers following us. As the EVAC door closed my motion tracker picked up something.

"Did you get that?"

"Yeah."

"My motion tracker acknowledged it as a friendly."

"Same here."

"We should spit up into groups." Kelly answered, "Noble-4 and Noble-6 is with me. Zeta-Team is with Noble-3."

* * *

><p>"This is John-711, Zeta-A, now entering which looks like the main citadel hall."<p>

"Blue-Team has found a Forerunner armory."

The designs of the halls had a slick metallic shine on all of the walls. Forerunner sentinels roam back and forth scanning things.

All my artificial memory jogged flashbacks into my skull. As encounters of Forerunner life through the eyes of John. The Master Chief. And glimpses of memory of 343 Guilty Spark. It might have been a warning to not trust any of them. Not one of those bastards.

"John? Do think this vessel is also in pursuit of the Master Chief since he was the one that destroyed the Diadact."

When the name DIadact slipped out of Mick's mouth. A Promethean appeared in front of us.

"Humans of Chakum Hakkor, our Forerunner master has summoned you." With a wave of the Promethean's hand. The platform we were standing on shifted and lifted.

"I have a bad feeling about this." Jun muttered. "What did happen after the fall of Reach?"

"Well after the Planet fell, S-117 and the Pillar of Autumn were intercepted by a fraction of the Covenant fleet. By discovering a Forerunner Weapon, Halo. An ancient alien race was unleashed called the Flood. It absorbed all races into its own collective race. S-117 escaped with the AI Cortana and destroyed the weapon." My head was hurting for focusing on all that memory.

Mick looked at me, "You alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Let me finish."

"Alright."

I had to calm down my head felt like it was going to burst from the within. Focusing on all the thought of memories of my implanted artificial memory, I continued. "S-117 and the Covenant later set aside their differences to fight off the alien plague. Only that the Covenant later fell into a civil war. Brutes against the Elites. The remaining loyal Covenant Forces went to another Forerunner weapon the Ark. With Humanity in pursuit, only to be followed by survivors of the Halo, the Flood. S-117 and the Elite leader Arbiter stopped the

activation of the Ark and destroyed it by overloading one of the Halo rings. The outcome was S-117 went MIA, and Arbiter was counted treason among his own people. 4 years later S-117 was discovered by UNSC Infinity; but also awaken another ancient being. The Forerunner Diadact. "

"Wait a second. What happened during the '4' years?"

"UNSC got carried away with pride and help ignite Sanghelli civil war. Which is why the reason the Covenant came together and attacked us."

"Sanghelli?"

"Another name for an Elite." Mick answered.

"Oh."

"Well the Forerunner attacks Earth where S-117 destroys the Forerunner with a nuke. Outcome was that his partner AI Cortana dissolved. And all of UNSC think he has gone AWOL because of it."

Our platforms stopped. Stepping forward, I felt something was off. The Promethean's color on its armor was flickering. Blue meant idle or non-hostile; but orange meant hostile and the color was turning into an orange hue.

Flipping out my combat knife, I quickly dodged its arm swipe and lunged at it stabbing at its core. It burst into orange matrix. A sudden movement in the walls shifted into revealing an entrance to another hall. Standing in the entrance was a 10-foot tall metallic figure. There were two heavy thuds behind me. Mick and Jun. leaving me and only me to face the Forerunner.

Looking at my comrades who were both unconscious, not dead. It seemed to me and my own reasoning that the Forerunner wanted me and only me; but for what purpose? Then I something hit me. His armor it was all too familiar, but how? He looked like the Diadact, but he possibly couldn't have survived that blast and out here?

"You're that Forerunner! The one from the Shield world. The Diadact."

"How dare a lowly warrior form compare me to him. According to the fools death it has awaken me."

"Who are you?"

The Forerunner answered. "My young human warrior I'm the Master Builder."

Those last words as it came from the Forerunner's mouth, my vision went black.

* * *

><p>I woke up in a non-metallic cell sprawled right next to Noble-3 and Mick. "Shit." I muttered.<p>

Mick shifted a little mumbling about something. A repeat of words.
"Don't trust him."

"Don't trust who?" I asked.

"Don't trust him."

"What is it? Mick!"

His answer gave me something to be scared about.

"Flo-od." He whimpered.

5. Expendable

"Flood? What the hell do you mean? They were eradicated at the Ark."
I told him.

"I don't know when we all enter that hallway my head felt like it was on fire. Like something was be burned into my skull. When I tried to open my eyes all saw was all of us being slaughtered by Flood. On this vessel."

"That's what I felt as well." Jun answered. "We need to contact Blue-Team to get us out of here."

"My COM is jammed." I answered. "Then what now?"

"John, I don't know; but when the Diadact was killed by the Chief, Iâ€¦ I thought Humanity would finally be at peace."

"No my fellow Spartans this is just part 2 of Humanity's struggle." Jun emerged from his side of the cell. "Only let's hope that there's nothing more advanced than the Forerunners."

"Yeah." I confirmed. "Only that he took our weapons."

"But, Spartans weren't just created for guns so they can be fired at the innies remember? It was team-effort that made us fit, to make things out of nothing to something we can survive with." Jun advised.

"Well yeah you guys know that. I'm the Spartan-IV who just only went through basic ODST training. You guys had some battle royale training."

"Sh..." Jun whispered. "I think someone wants to see us."

Out of the wall an entrance slid open and a yellow Promethean stood in the doorway. Only to fall in a thud, before digitalizing into yellow matrix. Behind standing were Kelly and Emile, but no Noble-6.

"What are you waiting for grab the robot's weapon and let's go." Noble-4 snorted.

"This would tie us over since we have the pelican to restock at." Mick replied.

"Not anymore. We lost contact of it when you three got tagged." Kelly answered.

"Damn it now what?" Mick asked.

Overhead a metallic silver ball with blue light peering out. The thing looked so familiar. It spoke, "Human warriors!" The sphere called out, "The Master Builder has summoned you the bridge." The AI probe floated around.

"What are you?" Emile questioned.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. Sorry I'm your Ancillia Messenger. 343 Guilty Spark."

Dear God why this bastard? Why now?

"Go tell your boss we'll be there in a moment." I ordered the little prick.

"Yes, but the master doesn't want to be delayed and if you don't come I get to kill you all! Erâ€¦ I mean good bye." The sphere AI floated back through the opening came from.

"Where the hell is Six? I told him to follow me after loading up on Forerunner weapons. I can't seem to reach him through my COM, he's going to need find where this ship's soul is at and crush it." Said Emile.

"What?! He won't stand a chance to all the Forerunner shit crawling around." Mick answered. "Surprisingly how the hell did he survive all those Elite Zealots?"

"That wasn't him. I don't know who got gave you his story, but I told him before he left I won't tell the world what he went through." Emile grumbled.

"Who was it again?" Jun asked.

"Ash." Emile answered.

"Him?" Jun looked at Mick. "Yeah and how did you get that information?"

Mick shifted nervously, "All Spartan-IVs were told of all classified information on how the Spartan-IIs and IIIs of who they were and how important to the cause on Human-Covenant War."

"Damn bastards ONI doesn't know when to shut up." Emile answered.

A voice peered into my skull as to everyone else. The Master Builder. He spoke. "It's come to my attention that none of you have complied will teleported here by force." My mind was on fire when the last word came out the ancient being's mouth.

"Now that all of you Human warriors are here." Master Builder spoke.

My eyes had a burning sensation to open them. It hurt like someone dumped acid on my face. Of course with the pain I endure my helmet

was still on. My HUD was still functioning. I was terrified as all things were now fitting to place. We were on the ARK or what was left of it. No it wasn't the ARK. I was on the bridge of the Forerunner vessel and it was at least less scary than the ARK it was a fucking Forerunner Armada. All heading to Earth.

"How is this possible?" I choked on my own words. "How are you still alive?"

"There are things which your knowledge will never comprehend." The Master Builder's eyes pierced through my visor. My HUD in my helmet was beginning to malfunction.

"What are you doing to me?" The visor on my helmet was cracking. The armor was crushing my insides.

"Making you stronger Human warrior. For the other Humans will go through the same."

"Why? Why keep us alive?"

"Because Human. You are going to enter in the realm of pain and sorrow and you are going to help me finish it what the Diadact didn't."

"You want us to destroy our planet?!"

"No Cleanse it."

"I will be sending my planet, all my comrades, and innocent people to their deaths."

"Nothing is innocent about war, Human." He shifted his hand in the air creating anything in the area to levitate as well as me.

"You bastard." I struggled. "You're no better than the fucking Covenant."

"The multi-racial civilization you put into extinction for their innocent actions carrying the true mantle of the Forerunners."

"No!" My body felt like it was on fire. "Agghh!" I screamed in agonized pain. Something invisible as in a magnetic field surrounded the Forerunner foe. His eyes continued to stare through my visor. He dropped his hand. Making me hit the metallic surface with a thud.

"And of course I'm delayed again to kill you. Your Human warrior I seemingly must have misplaced my senses somewhere else."

"What?" I muttered still in pain from the extreme pressure of the ancient being.

"He seems to be causing havoc in my armada. My Sentinels have found his title as B-312"

"That son-of-a-bitch." I grinned. "He going to chew you out."

"For us, the storm has passed, the war is over. But let us not forget those who journeyed into the howling dark and did not return. For their decision required courage beyond measure, - sacrifice, and unshakable conviction that their fight, our fight, was elsewhere. As we start to rebuild, this hillside will remain barren. A memorial to heroes fallen. They ennobled all of us, and they shall not be forgotten."

~ **Admiral Hood ** (Voi, Kenya; March 2553)

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><p>"He will chew you out."<p>

Noble-Six grinned. Not out of how funny, that it was true on the fact going to die in the hands of the Forerunners. It motivated him any certain way of the excitement, which ran through his veins. To him this was true bliss.

"John, just don't go in your way to die for me." He replied to the ever now silent COM.

His ammo count on his designated marksmen rifle was at least $\frac{3}{4}$ of a full clip. His HUD was outdated for this kind of work. Still it helped him get pass enemy lines that were more sophisticated than the Covenant themselves.

"Well of course. Its humanity against the Gods who invented the tools of eradicating all sediment life in the galaxy." He muttered to himself. As he pressed on. It was still the question if he was still on the Forerunner flagship or not.

Mendez. Mendez. _Just stick it to the bastards. _"Well Chief. That would be plain suicide and the squad would be dead without me. "As the Lone Wolf continued to talk to himself.

In front of the Spartan before he could figure out what was happening in front of him. A Promethean materialized right on top of him. It took just a DMR muzzle to shove it in the Forerunner's face. Bullets right through its skull. It dematerialized just as it soon appeared. Fear and confusion overwhelmed the Spartan-III. _Why the hell is it so easy? I thought it would be much harder to kill one of things, then the Covenant. _

"What?!" Noble-Six turned around and saw the exact same Promethean, he just shot. The answers were obvious and quick, but not fast enough. His reflexes were cut short as he took the sudden blow from the ancient warrior.

"Ugh." Noble-Six grunted. His shield immediately burst, as the giant metal being crashed into him. _I can't take another blow._ The Promethean was soon bringing up the next blow. With the spiking survival instincts spiking through his veins as he quickly dropped to his knees. Next with a frontal summersault under the Forerunner. With quickly bring the DMR into play, he brought the upper butt of the weapon as a temporary guard as a sponge to incoming blow. _Sadly this going to break, this excellent weapon is going to shatter._ "Shit." _This is going to come crashing through my visor to my skull._

Except it abruptly stopped two inches from his visor. The Promethean stopped and went limp only to reveal a Spartan to believe to be long dead. A Spartan he saw. He knew die right in front of him. Katherine.

Flashbacks began to resurface as the dark unneeded scars in his mind began to resurface as each mental stitch began to unravel in the most painful way possible.

"How? How are you still alive?" These were all the only words, which he could mutter out of his mouth. _No this can't be happening. Is this a neurological warfare? Is this one of the Masterbuilder's secret weapons? _

"Why are you point your finger at Kat? You look like you don't know her." Another unforgotten voice. Carter.

"Why did you leave me behind on that Covenant Corvette?" Now Jorge.

_It's just hallucinations. They are not real. _

ONI Armor Security Has Been Compromised. Initiated Self-Destruction. Detonation Radius Fifteen Miles. Please Be Advised.

"That son-of-a-bitch." Noble-Six said. "You got me through my suit just to kill me."

7. Previously on how to Ex Machina a God

****Back at the Containment Area****

I continued to listen through my COMs. Damn it, damn it. Why is it me that can't really do anything?

"So you see. Human. Even your strongest warriors can't do anything against the power of the Forerunners." The Masterbuilder came back peered into my eyes. "Nothing." His armor began to unravel itself. Revealing a smoke black skin of a face of a snake. The orange irises were the most disturbing things, I have ever seen replacing the once hell wasted Reach. The two meter tall Forerunner looked like an ancient demon from those centuries old fairy tales.

_Six. Emile. Mick. Jun. Lasky. Kelly. I'm sorry, but I'm too weak. Too weak to fight back. I'm not the Master Chief. Zeta-Team. The UNSC Infinity. Everyone. John-117. _

_John-117. Master Chief. _

_Master Chief. _

_No. I'm not going to fail. Ever. _

I pushed the limits of invisible barriers, pushing to all of the limits. The armor felt to be crush my insides. So much pain. I don't even think my own augmentation can even take it. My muscles screaming in pain. My effect on refusing to give into the grasp of Masterbuilder was giving an effect on him as well.

This is now the strength of will. Willpower.

"What is this power? Still trying to defy me?" The Forerunner grinned. That sinister snake smile. "Not too long ago, one of your Human warriors has been slain by my hand. You would probably know him as warrior Six. That is now dead."

What. What the hell? Six. Six is dead. No. It's possible but, Six couldn't have succumbed that quickly. There isn't any given possible way that could be.

"True?" His grin now subtle. "Fool do you really think this is going to be in the hands of the Humans, again? I do wonder what the Librarian imprinted on all the like your race."

_Oooh I so want to stab his face. His reptilian face so easily vulnerable now. So close to hit it. _The restraining force was still waning I must gain re-control of this. In my hands grasp, a fragment of metal from my armor floating in midair. I just need to grab it and throw it in his face. Got it.

"Would you like to the pain to be accelerated faster? So I can-. Agghhhhh!" He grabbed for his face. Ripping out the shard now embedded in his face.

I was expecting blood, but something else occurred then the drip of blood of amusement instead happened. An enemy that was feared mostly by the both sides of the Human-Covenant War.

Flood.

* * *

><p>A defying loud voice projected into my COMs. A long dead enemy that now sits in this artificial memory that holds the key to everything that I'm seeing. The Gravemind. Except that this metamorphous is not something listed in the Chief's memory. A hidden ability in the Flood?<p>

"Human, you will now embrace me, and join the cause of the Precursors!" The quick change must have affected the artificial gravity the Masterbuilder-Gravemind was affecting to me wore off. As I fell to the ground like a tossed paperweight. And Forerunner Prometheans appeared in front of me, except with their backs away from me. Now towards a newer threat. Their previous leader.

The Gravemind quickly enlarged itself like a balloon, which I turned to see the revealing of a hall, as the blob grew, before it could burst.

"Um, ah. Shit." Cocking my head around to see the imposter form into another level of hell. And the Promethean fighters fighting all their best except to be crush by the oncoming sprouting tentacles of vegetation. Still giving me the opportunity to retreat and find any surviving squad member of Zeta-Team. Even if I'm going to have to die trying.

* * *

><p>I still wanted to know who the Master Chief was, and tell him. I don't know. Hey look I survived Reach, except to be killed from my own malfunction. No. No. Something much better. I just don't know what yet. Maybe a thanks for getting to Earth before the Covenant eliminated it, and everything else in the galaxy.

_Nah, I think being under his shadow would have been a better idea. To still remain under his shadow. _

_This is Spartan B-312, Noble-Six signing off. _

End
file.